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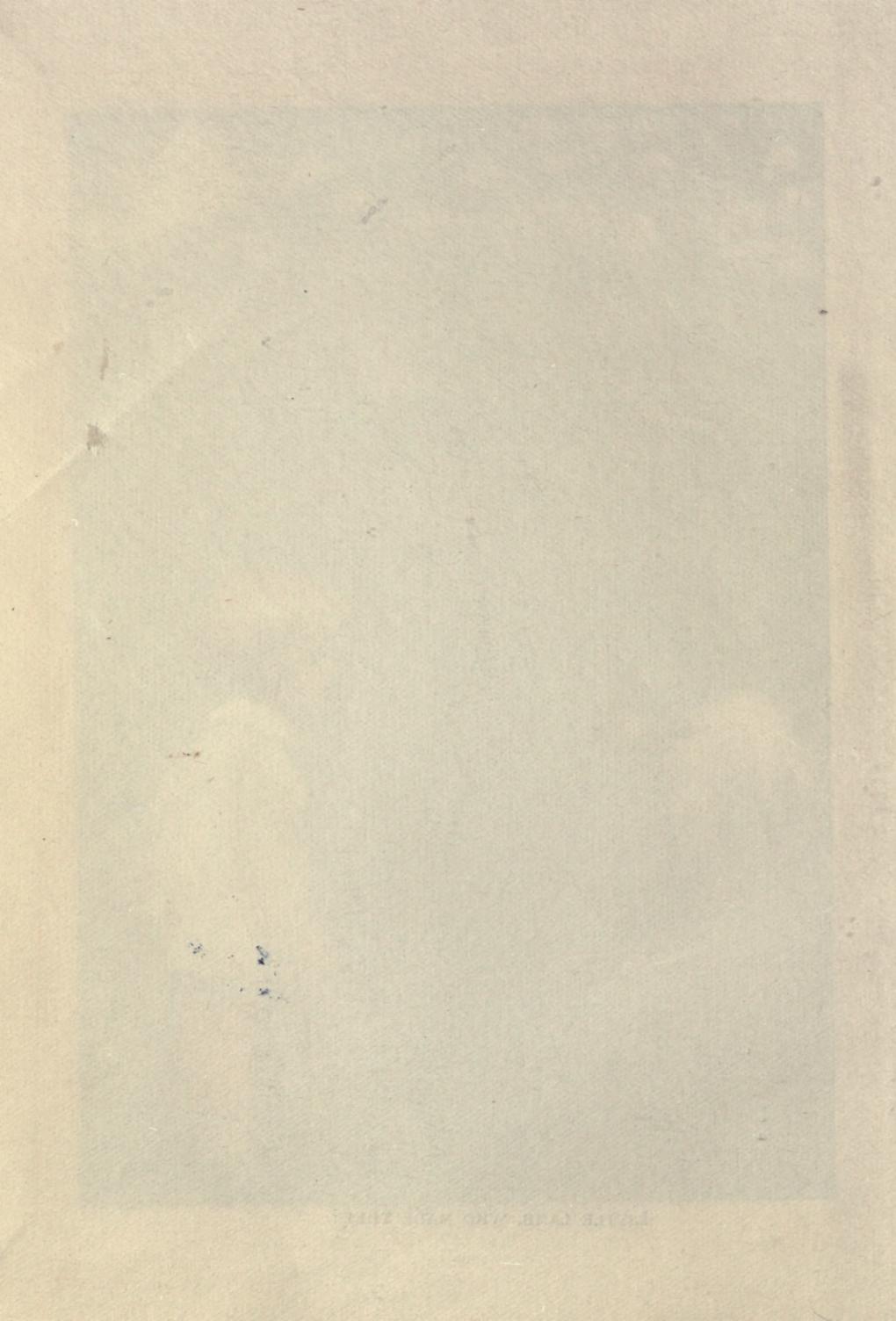
Hannah C. Aycock 1920

SONGS OF INNOCENCE

BY
WILLIAM BLAKE

*With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe and
Tinted Coloured Illustrations by Honor C. Appleton.*

LITTLE LAMB, WHO MADE THEE?



SONGS OF INNOCENCE

BY

WILLIAM BLAKE
///

*With a Preface by Thomas Seccombe and
Twelve Coloured Illustrations by Honor C. Appleton*

HERBERT & DANIEL
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SONGS OF INNOCENCE

List of Illustrations

1.	Little lamb, who made thee?	-	<i>Frontispiece</i>
2.	Piping down the valleys wild	-	<i>facing page</i> 1
3.	Ready for rest	-	" 6
4.	Under leaves so green	-	" 13
5.	Father, father, where are you going?	-	" 18
6.	Farewell, green fields!	-	" 28
7.	Spring	-	" 33
8.	Nurse's Song	-	" 36
9.	Infant Joy	-	" 38
10.	Laughing Song	-	" 41
11.	The School-Boy	-	" 43
12.	On Another's Sorrow	-	" 46

Preface

THERE are few careers like Blake's for teaching the importance of minorities. He was born under George II. in the year of Dyer's *Fleece* and Wilkie's *Epigoniad*. His first poems were issued in 1783, when Blair was still braying the *Ars Poetica* of Pope, and when the Pope in homespun, George Crabbe to wit, was just commencing his poetical career with *The Village*. *Poetical Sketches* came two years before Cowper's *Task*, three years before the Kilmarnock Burns. Yet there had always been a nonconformist minority, a still, small voice of the spirit in revolt against the formal school who exalted the letter of verse against the spiritual essence of poetry; this last is not, as is sometimes held, absorbed by the creation of beauty in words, but is primarily concerned with the promulgation of original truth which has to be raised by emotion to a higher power than it is possible to express in prose. Thus, in the very year of Blake's birth, 1757, Joseph Warton raised the symbol of revolt against the school of verse epigram and poetic diction in his famous *Essay on A. Pope*. The

PREFACE

romantic renaissance had, in a sense, begun ; and from its progenitors, above all, we may be sure, from Percy, Gray, Collins, Christopher Smart, Ossian, and last, but not least, Chatterton, William Blake derived both nutriment and direction. Few poets in their turn have influenced more of their craft than Blake. Like Spenser, he has proved a poet's poet ; but the influence was not immediate. Poets, like other great men, are apt to express the mood of a minority—often a very small minority. But Blake was amazingly isolated. Lamb, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and even the curio-connoisseur, Crabb Robinson, considered him to be hopelessly insane. If he appeared mad then to such as these, how shall he appear to the average reader of to-day ?

By birth, Blake was a Londoner. His father was a London shop-keeper and dissenter. Most of the poet's life was spent in London's dustiest recesses, and much of his youth, like Turner's, was devoted to sketching monuments in our gloomy churches, or copying engravings. He had a boyish love for grand literature—the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Ben Jonson. He suspected nature-worship. He disliked explicit statement in poetry, which he regarded as appropriate to idiots. Very poor, and below the average height, he was yet very dignified and attractive—especially to children. He had the singular assurance of the mystic, and from his earliest day he had visions and dreamt dreams. He spoke with

PREFACE

Socrates and Jesus, grey luminous visions larger than life. Lot sat to him for a portrait. He saw the ghost of a flea and witnessed a fairy's funeral.

At the age of twelve he was writing verse. How early he caught the unique levity of Elizabethan lyricism is shown in the *Poetical Sketches* of 1783. James Blake did wisely by his sensitive, impulsive, visionary son. Though Tatham says that Blake's mother once beat him for asserting that he had seen Ezekiel sitting beneath a tree, the poet seems to have exercised his visionary faculties for the most part unmolested. He was no more than four years old when he saw "God put his forehead to the window," which, according to his wife, reporting the matter to Crabb Robinson, "set him a-screaming." Later, in one of his long country walks, he saw angels in a tree. During the whole of his life the denizens of ghost-land compassed him about. His men and women all have ghosts inside them.

On being taken to Ryland, the King's engraver, with a view to apprenticeship, Blake, then aged fourteen, made a prophecy which was fulfilled in a manner startling enough to shake modern belief in the all-explanatory powers of coincidence. "The man's face looks as if he will live to be hanged," said the boy; and, twelve years later, Ryland was the last man to be hanged at Tyburn. Blake was finally apprenticed to Basire, an engraver whose firm and sound, if somewhat lifeless, work confirmed

PREFACE

his liking for a severer art than was then in vogue. In 1778 he was, for a short time, a student under Moser in the Antique School of the Royal Academy. About 1780 he started work on his own account by engraving some of Stothard's early designs; and this year, his picture, "The Death of Earl Godwin," was hung in the Royal Academy's first exhibition at Somerset House. Stothard introduced Blake to Flaxman, through whom he came to know Fuseli. For many years Flaxman remained his friend and admirer; Fuseli also. His epigrams against them are, it is true, more pointed than friendly. But the epigrams were jotted down in moments of anger, spurred by inappreciation and misunderstanding. The history of Blake's friendships is a record first of warm affection, then, apparently, of equally warm quarrels and of only half-supported accusations on his part; but, if it be recollected that he lived in his art and imagination, that artistic opposition and spiritual misunderstanding were to him what assault and battery are to the generality of men—so that if a man's lack of sympathy interfered with his visions, he was prepared to call him villain or murderer—and, further, that he was at all times impatient of any compromise whatsoever, and vehement to defend the knowledge he had come by intuitively, then it is easy to understand that quarrels were almost inevitable, and to conclude that, however violent in expression, they were not really more blame-

PREFACE

worthy than the quarrels of other and less acutely sensitive men.

In August, 1782, despite some opposition from the shop, he married Catherine, daughter of Wm. and Ann Boucher (their greengrocery appeared less than genteel to hereditary hosiers), aged twenty, beautiful and slender, with bright eyes, and a very white hand. No man of genius ever had a better wife. To the last she called him "Mr. Blake," while he, we are told, frequently spoke of her as "his beloved." The most beautiful reference to her in his letters is one in a letter of 16th September, 1800, to Hayley, where he calls her "my dear and too careful and over-joyous woman," and says "Eartham will be my first temple and altar; my wife is like a flame of many colours of precious jewels whenever she hears it named." He taught her to write, and the copy-book titles to some of his water-colours are probably hers; to draw, so that after his death she finished some of his designs; and to help him in the colouring of his engravings. A story is told, on the authority of Samuel Palmer, that they would both look into the flames of burning coals, and draw grotesque figures which they saw there, hers quite unlike his. "It is quite certain," says Crabb Robinson, "that she believed in all his visions." She would walk with him into the country, whole summer days, says Tatham, and far into the night. And when he rose in the night to write down what was "dictated" to

PREFACE

him, she would rise and sit by him and hold his hand. "She would get up in the night," says the unnamed friend quoted by Gilchrist, "when he was under his very fierce inspirations, which were as if they would tear him asunder, while he was yielding himself to the Muse, or whatever else it could be called, sketching and writing. And so terrible a task did this seem to be, that she had to sit motionless and silent, only to stay him mentally, without moving hand or foot; this for hours, and night after night." "His wife being to him a very patient woman," says Tatham, who speaks of Mrs. Blake as "an irradiated saint," "he fancied that while she looked on him as he worked, her sitting quite still by his side, doing nothing, soothed his impetuous mind; and he has many a time, when a strong desire presented itself to overcome any difficulty in his plates or drawings, in the middle of the night, risen, and requested her to get up with him, and sit by his side, in which she as cheerfully acquiesced." "Rigid, punctual, firm, precise," she has been described; a good housewife and a good cook; refusing to have a servant, not only because of the cost, but because no servant could be scrupulous enough to please her. "Finding," says Tatham, "(as Mrs. Blake declared, and as every one else knows), the more service the more inconvenience, she . . . did all the work herself; kept the house clean and herself tidy, besides printing all Blake's numerous engravings, which was a task sufficient

PREFACE

for any industrious woman." Blake valued her as she deserved.

In 1784 Blake, with Parker, a fellow engraver, opened a print-selling shop next door to his birth-place (28 Broad Street, Golden Square). The following year Robert, Blake's favourite brother and pupil, died, and, giving up his share in the business, Blake moved to 28 Poland Street. Here one night the process by which he printed his works suggested itself to him, or, as he fancied, was revealed to him by Robert's spirit. The designs and text were drawn and written on metal plates with an acid-resisting varnish. After prolonged immersion in an acid bath, the parts so protected stood in relief, and could be used like type for printing in any one ground-colour. Blake and his wife further coloured each copy by hand. He mixed his colours with diluted glue, a process revealed to him by St. Joseph. The volume produced in this singular way and circulated among a small circle in 1789 as *Songs of Innocence* is thus a kind of illuminated missal, in which every page is "a window open in heaven." It is impossible to roam in this little paradise of a score poems without experiencing that emotion which is the first aim of poetry. The lofty isolation of Blake's ideals, the unmistakable character of his poetic vocation, the mystic order of his faith, which seems to have derived less from Boehmen and Swedenborg than from one of the Hebrew seers of the Holy

PREFACE

Bible—thoughts such as these combine to inspire the reader with a certain feeling of awe, which is indeed the right spirit in which to approach such a genius as Blake.

Blake's lyrical work constitutes his most precious legacy, and of this the *Songs of Innocence* (1789), with their fearlessness of absolute *naïveté*, form the central panel—the two wings respectively being the *Poetical Sketches* (1783) and the *Songs of Experience* (1794). The *Songs of Innocence* is the first work produced in the form of illuminated printing peculiar to Blake. The thirty-one plates were impressed upon seventeen octavo leaves, coloured by hand, the leaves then strung together by Mrs. Blake with thin cord, and the completed work sold for a crown—not one-fiftieth of what they would fetch to-day. Blake thus produced his poetry in the fullest sense of the word. He also composed airs for his lyrics, and sang them. They suggest nothing so much, perhaps, as the “ayres,” or divisions on a ground, produced for the enchanting school of Elizabethan lyrist-musicians. This volume contains poems like bird-carols—a voice seems to sing and soar and choir aloft of itself: each word is a prism, reflecting many hues, past and future, and now and again comes an ultra-violet ray. Three of these poems, “A little Boy Lost,” “Holy Thursday,” and “Nurse’s Song,” had been included in an extraordinary play by Blake entitled “*An Island in the Moon* (1784). One or two were afterwards

PREFACE

transferred to *Songs of Experience*.¹ Some of the poems there are pendants to the earlier series. The "School-Boy," beginning—

"I love to rise on a Summer morn
When birds are singing on every tree:
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the skylark sings with me;
Oh, what sweet company!"

is well attuned to *Songs of Innocence*, and would have been welcome among them.² The "Cradle Song" in the later set, though very beautiful, is hardly a match for "Sweet Dreams form a shade." There is nothing anywhere to match "Holy Thursday," "The Lamb," "Infant Joy," "Nurse's Song," and the tender and mystic "Dream." This last has an early Miltonic rhythm, but Blake as a rule has more affinity with the unpremeditated air of earlier and freer songsters, such as Lodge, Breton, Shakespeare, and Fletcher. The children's own favourite, I think, is "The Chimney-Sweeper." The

¹ "Holy Thursday" was first reprinted by Malkin in his *Father's Memoirs of his Child*, in 1806; "The Chimney Sweeper" by James Montgomery in his *Chimney Sweeper's Friend and Climbing-Boy's Album* of 1824. The Songs were first reprinted in full by Garth Wilkinson in 1839. There are separate reprints of *Songs of Innocence* dated 1899, 1902 (Flowers of Parnassus), 1903 (Broadway Booklets), and 1906.

² The poem is included in the present edition.

PREFACE

sweetness and joy of these songs as they affect the child-nature, their reviving effect upon the careworn and tired is not describable. To the “pure in heart” perhaps they are most priceless. Innocence was Blake’s secret. He redeemed it for our grimy old world. And those who have a warm corner in their hearts for poetry are beginning to recognise the fact. There are not enough of these guileless carols—partly, it is maddening to think, owing to the goodness of officious pietists. Poems, note-books, drawings were annihilated on a lavish scale after Blake’s death in August, 1827. “The fact is (says Gilchrist) that Swedenborgians, Irvingites, or other extreme sectaries beset the custodian of these priceless relics—after Mrs. Blake’s death in 1831—and persuaded him to make a holocaust of them, as being heretical and dangerous to those poor, dear unprotected females—Religion and Morals. The horrescent pietists allowed that the works were inspired; but alas! the inspiration had come from the devil. The words inscribed by Blake upon that very early engraving of his, but with a wholly different intention, recur to our memory—‘Such were the Christians in all ages.’” But Blake himself wandered away in later years from the production of these clear-cut gems—from “Piping down the valleys wild” to “Tiger, tiger, burning bright,” and winged his flight farther and farther into regions of Apocalypse. He wrote his later books ‘not for this

PREFACE

world, but for the other. He lived to be an old man, was very diligent, always producing, going right ahead, through all sorts of highways and byways, bogs and dens and caves, and finding it hard to get thirty shillings for a drawing, living the external life of a journeyman watchmaker, fully happy in his work as a designer, and utterly indifferent to worldly ideas and aims. He became an ancient sage, the teacher of the sublime doctrine of Forgiveness, the greatest between Rousseau and Tolstoi, but his thoughts became too absolute, dogmatic and self-involved to be communicated, like clouds which have rolled off the edge of the globe to be lost in infinite space. The delight of children and simple minds, a non-nonsensical Lear, an unmathematical Carrol, an unselfconscious, non-allegorical Andersen, Blake had left the pleasant land of symbol for the misty region of Apocrypha. The blithest and most bird-like song-music in existence is contained in these *Songs of 1789*. How can we ever fail to regret that this morning air of glee was so soon to be lost in broken, troubled images, monstrous shadows !

T.S.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE



PIPING DOWN THE VALLEYS WILD

*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

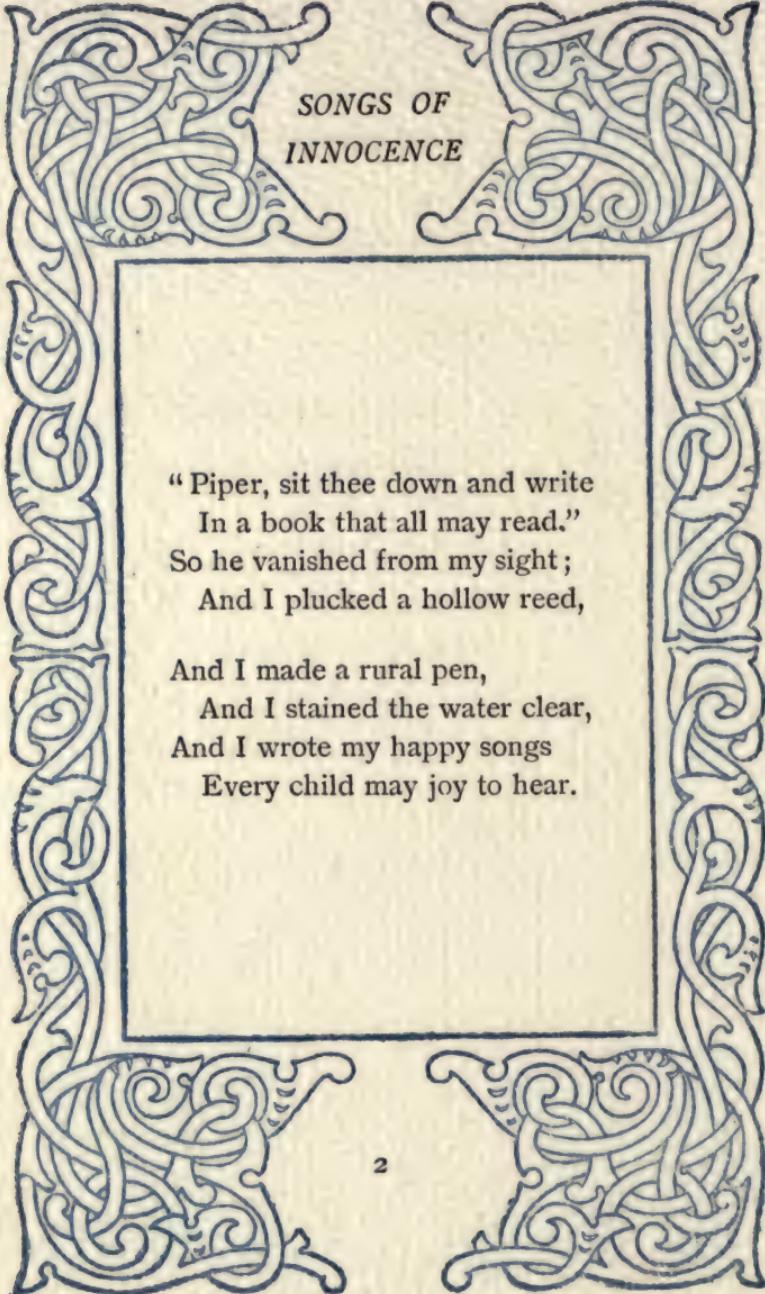
Introduction

PIPING down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me :

“ Pipe a song about a Lamb ! ”
So I piped with merry cheer.

“ Piper, pipe that song again ; ”
So I piped : he wept to hear.

“ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe :
Sing thy songs of happy cheer ! ”
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

“Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read.”
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

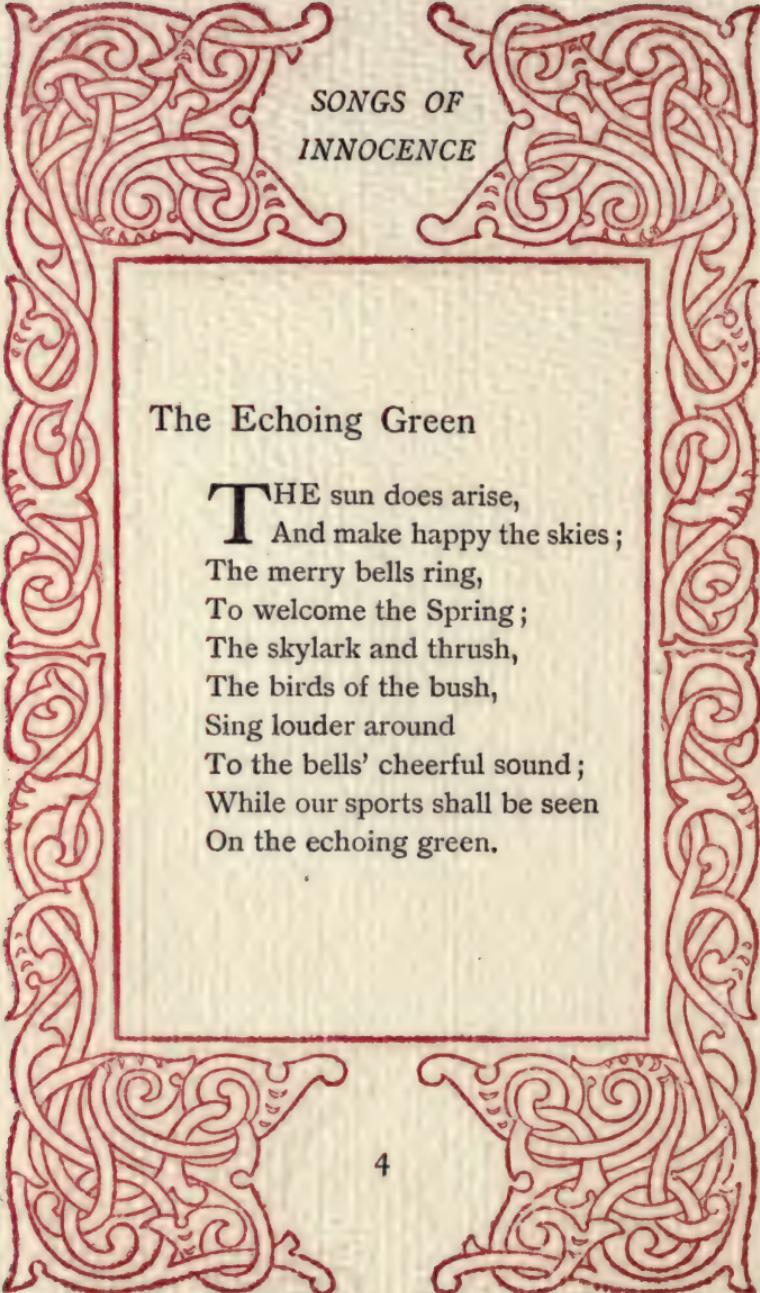
And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

THE
SHEPHERD

The Shepherd

HOW sweet is the shepherd's
sweet lot!
From the morn to the evening he
strays;
He shall follow his sheep all the day.
And his tongue shall be filled with
praise.

For he hears the lambs' innocent call,
And he hears the ewes' tender reply;
He is watchful while they are in
peace,
For they know when their shepherd
is nigh.



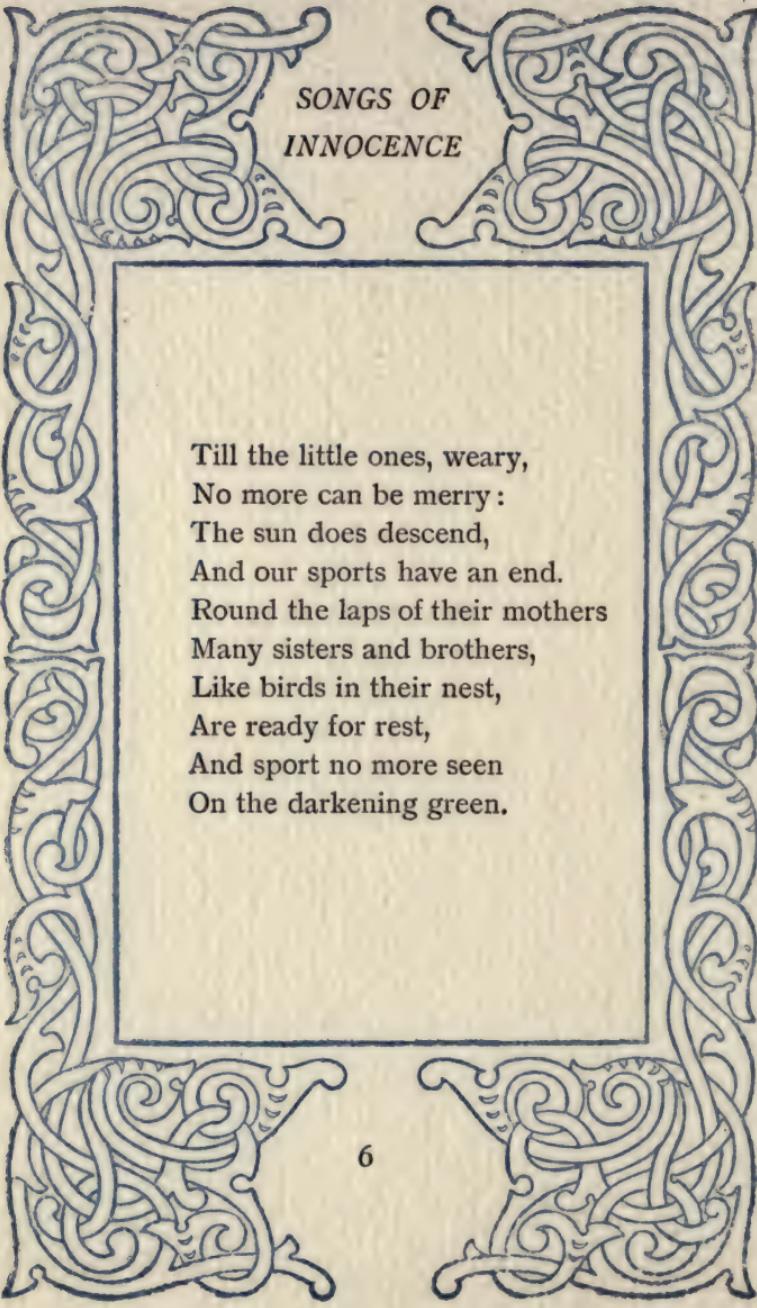
SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

The Echoing Green

THE sun does arise,
And make happy the skies ;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the Spring ;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound ;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

*THE ECHOING
GREEN*

Old John, with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,
“Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth-time were seen
On the echoing green.”



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry :
The sun does descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

READY FOR REST



✓
*THE
LAMB*

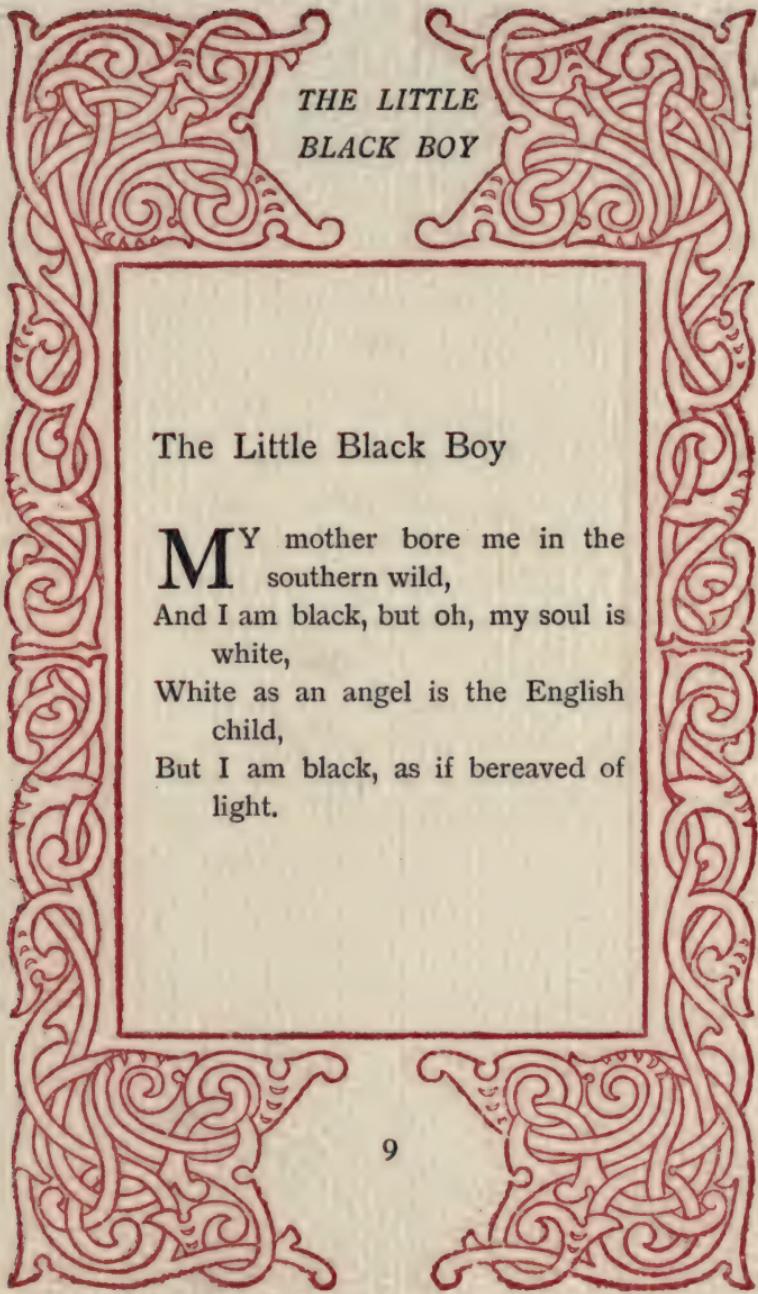
The Lamb

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead ;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright ;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice ?

Little lamb, who made thee ?
Dost thou know who made thee ?

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

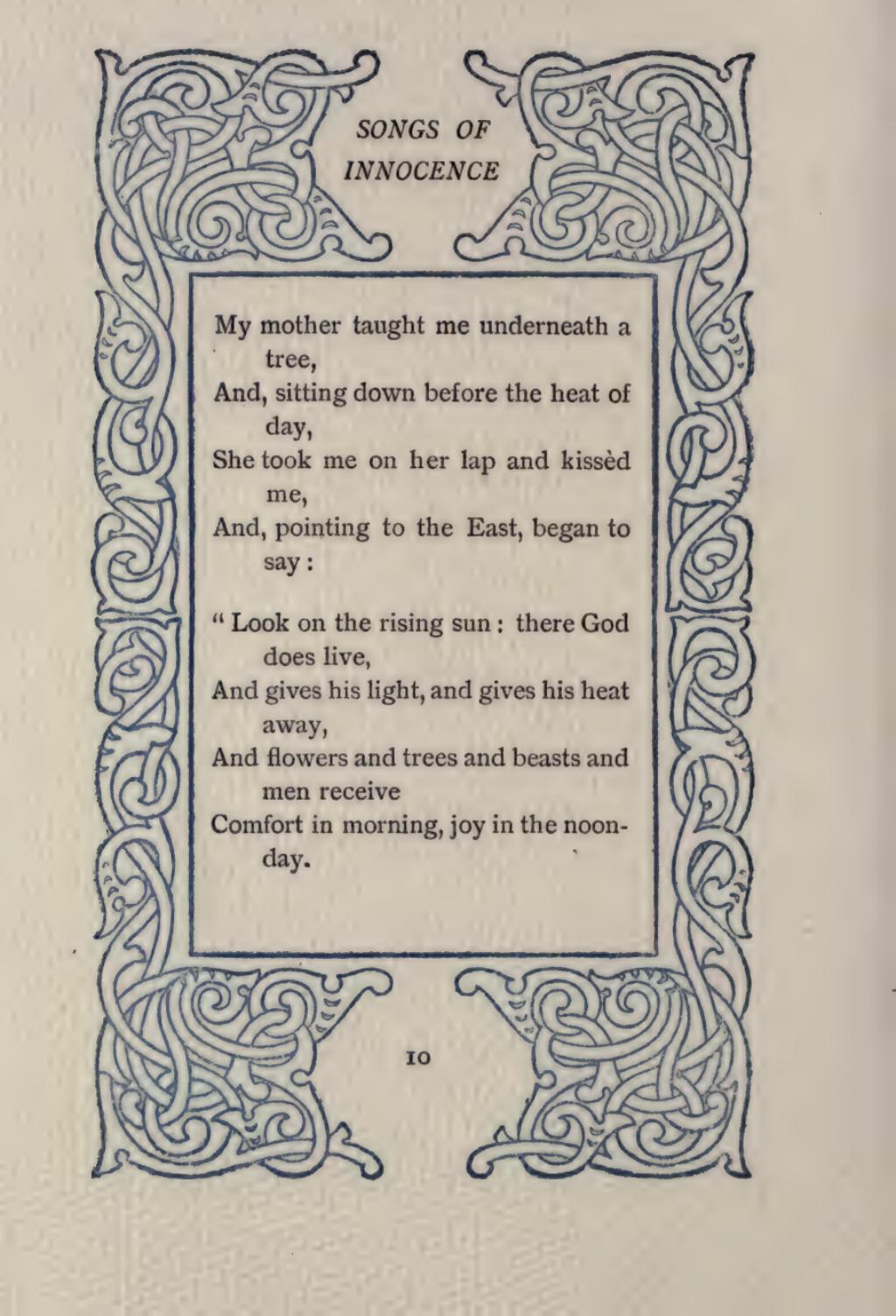
Little lamb, I'll tell thee ;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee :
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee !
Little lamb, God bless thee !



THE LITTLE
BLACK BOY

The Little Black Boy

MY mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh, my soul is white,
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

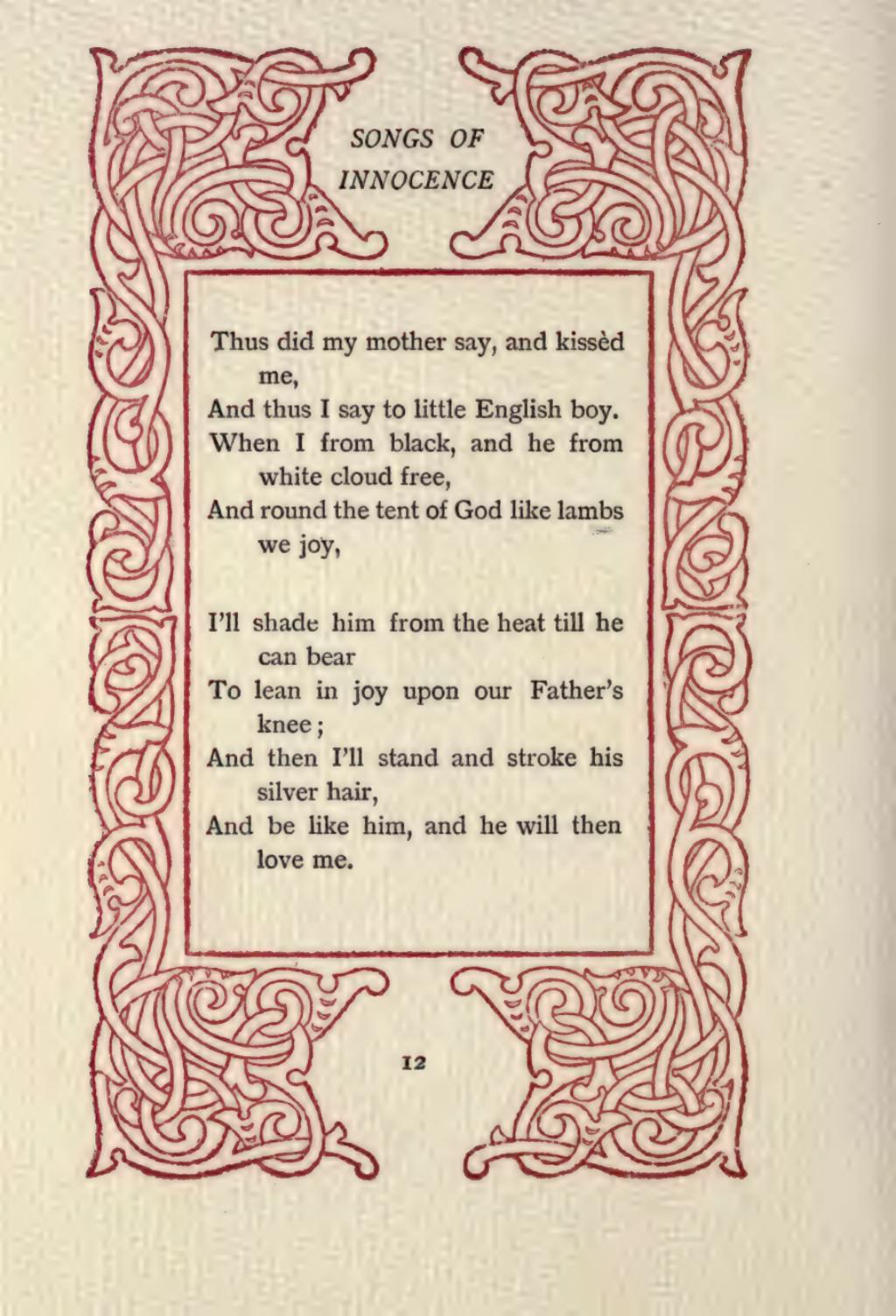
My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And, sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap and kissèd me,
And, pointing to the East, began to say :

“Look on the rising sun : there God does live,
And gives his light, and gives his heat away,
And flowers and trees and beasts and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon-day.

THE LITTLE
BLACK BOY

“ And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For, when our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud will vanish, we shall hear his voice,
Saying, ‘ Come out from the grove,
my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Thus did my mother say, and kissèd
me,
And thus I say to little English boy.
When I from black, and he from
white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs
we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat till he
can bear
To lean in joy upon our Father's
knee ;
And then I'll stand and stroke his
silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then
love me.



UNDER LEAVES SO GREEN

THE
BLOSSOM

The Blossom

MERRY, merry sparrow !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Sees you, swift as arrow,
Seek your cradle narrow,
Near my bosom.

Pretty, pretty robin !
Under leaves so green
A happy blossom
Hears you sobbing, sobbing,
Pretty, pretty robin,
Near my bosom.

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

The Chimney-Sweeper

WHEN my mother died I was
very young,
And my father sold me while yet my
tongue
Could scarcely cry, "Weep! weep!
weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in
soot I sleep.

THE
CHIMNEY-
SWEEPER

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried
when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was
shaved ; so I said,
“ Hush, Tom ! never mind it, for,
when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot soil
your white hair.”

And so he was quiet, and that very
night,
As Tom was a-sleeping, he had such
a sight !—
That thousands of sweepers, Dick,
Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins
of black.

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

And by came an angel, who had a
bright key,
And he opened the coffins and set
them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping,
laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the
sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags
left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in
the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a
good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and
never want joy.

THE
CHIMNEY-
SWEEPER

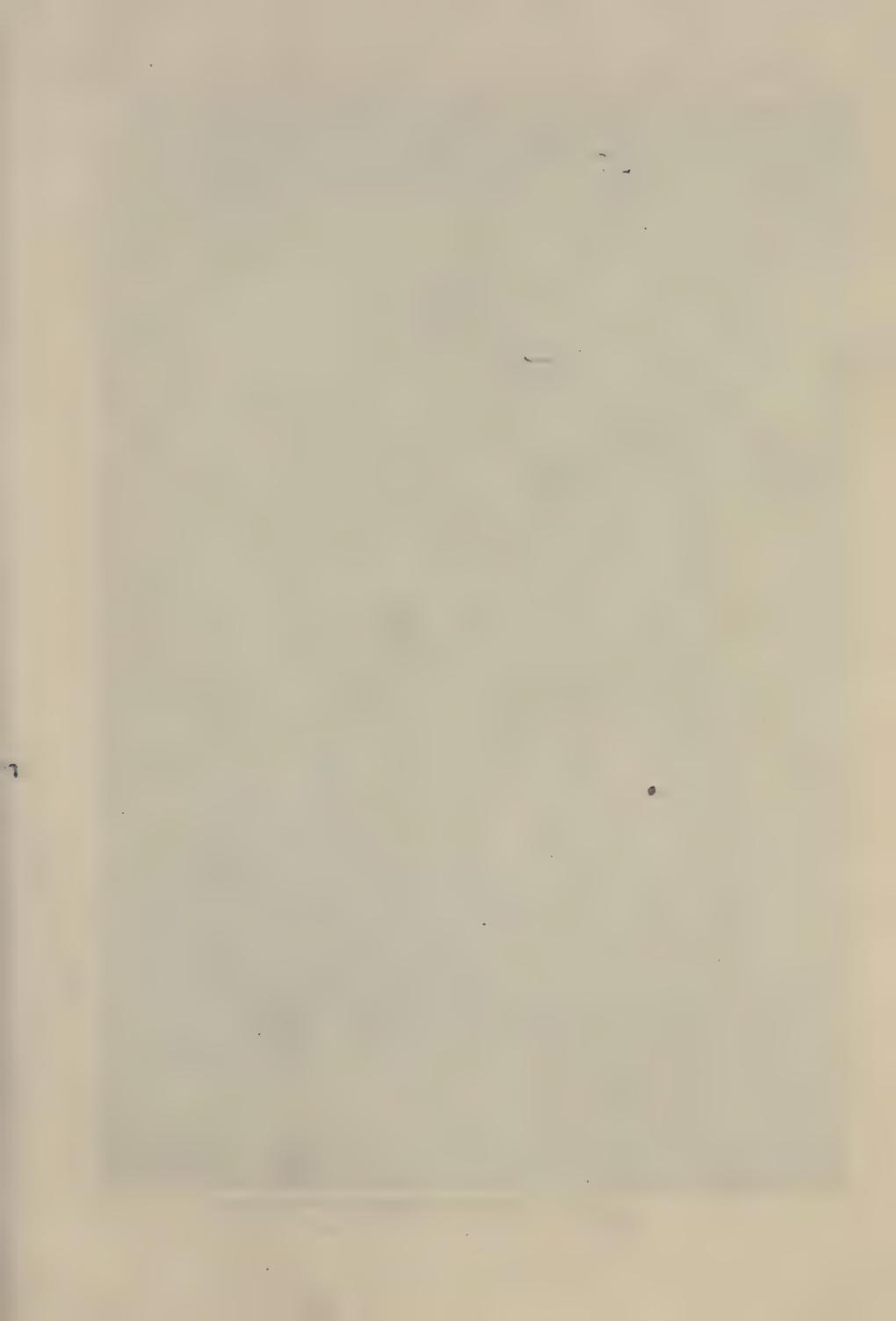
And so Tom awoke, and we rose in
the dark,
And got with our bags and our
brushes to work.
Though the morning was cold, Tom
was happy and warm :
So if all do their duty, they need not
fear harm.

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

The Little Boy Lost

“ FATHER, father, where are you
going?
Oh, do not walk so fast!
Speak, father, speak to your little
boy,
Or else I shall be lost.”

The night was dark, no father was
there,
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child
did weep,
And away the vapour flew.



FATHER, FATHER, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



THE LITTLE
BOY FOUND

The Little Boy Found

THE little boy lost in the lonely
fen,
Led by the wandering light,
Began to cry, but God, ever nigh,
Appeared like his father, in white.

He kissed the child, and by the hand
led,
And to his mother brought,
Who in sorrow pale, through the
lonely dale,
The little boy weeping sought.

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

A Cradle Song

SWEET dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head !
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams
By happy, silent, moony beams !

Sweet Sleep, with soft down !
Weave thy brows an infant crown !
Sweet Sleep, angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child !

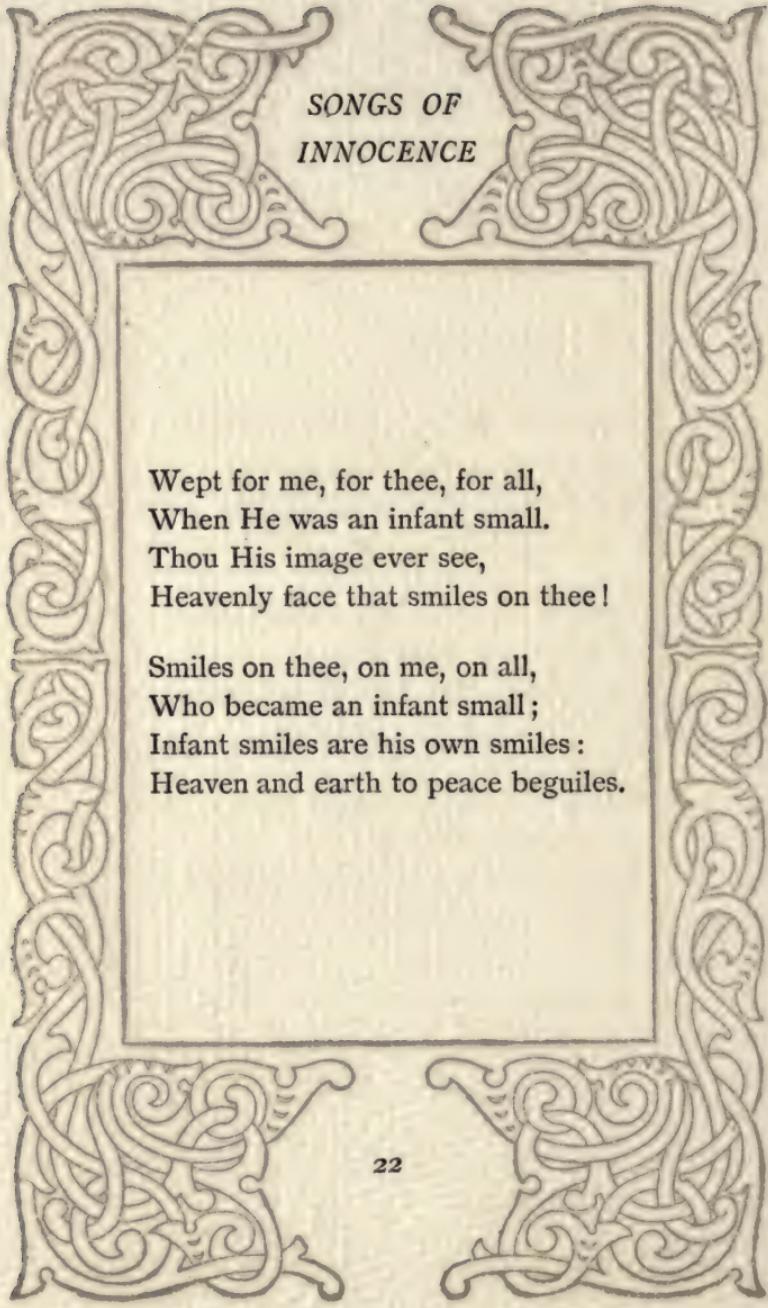
Sweet smiles, in the night
Hover over my delight !
Sweet smiles, mother's smile
All the livelong night beguile.

A CRADLE
SONG

Sweet moans, dovelike sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes !
Sweet moan, sweeter smile,
All the dovelike moans beguile.

Sleep, sleep, happy child !
All creation slept and smiled.
Sleep, sleep, happy sleep,
While o'er thee doth mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face
Holy image I can trace ;
Sweet babe, once like thee
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me :



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Wept for me, for thee, for all,
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly face that smiles on thee !

Smiles on thee, on me, on all,
Who became an infant small ;
Infant smiles are his own smiles :
Heaven and earth to peace beguiles.

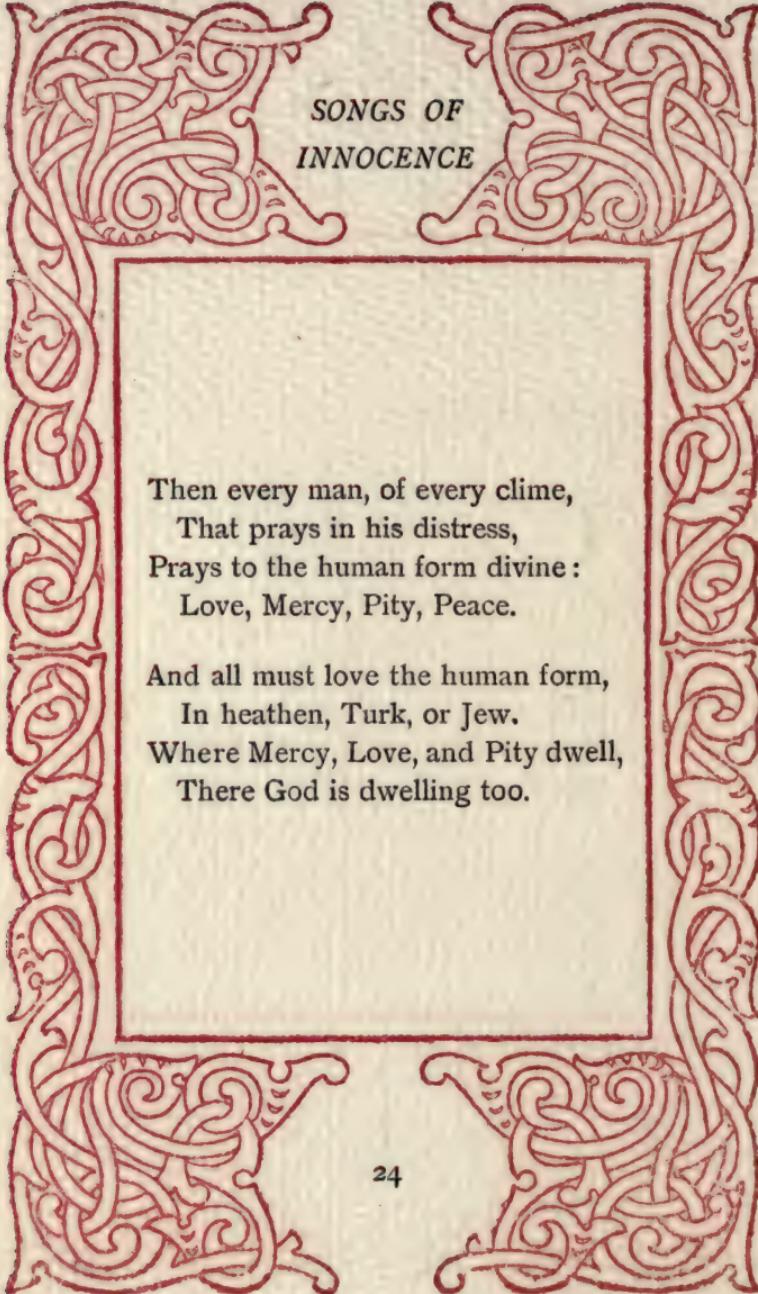
THE
DIVINE IMAGE

The Divine Image

TO Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
All pray in their distress,
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear ;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart ;
Pity, a human face ;
And Love, the human form divine ;
And Peace, the human dress.



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine :
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew.
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell,
There God is dwelling too.

HOLY
THURSDAY

Holy Thursday

TWAS on a Holy Thursday, their innocent faces clean,
Came children walking two and two,
 in red, and blue, and green :
Grey-headed beadles walked before,
 with wands as white as snow,
Till into the high dome of Paul's they
 like Thames waters flow.

*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

Oh what a multitude they seemed,
these flowers of London town !
Seated in companies they sit, with
radiance all their own.

The hum of multitudes was there, but
multitudes of lambs,
Thousands of little boys and girls
raising their innocent hands.

Now like a mighty wind they raise to
heaven the voice of song,
Or like harmonious thunderings the
seats of heaven among :
Beneath them sit the aged men, wise
guardians of the poor.
Then cherish pity, lest you drive an
angel from your door.

NIGHT

Night

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.

*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have ta'en delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen, they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

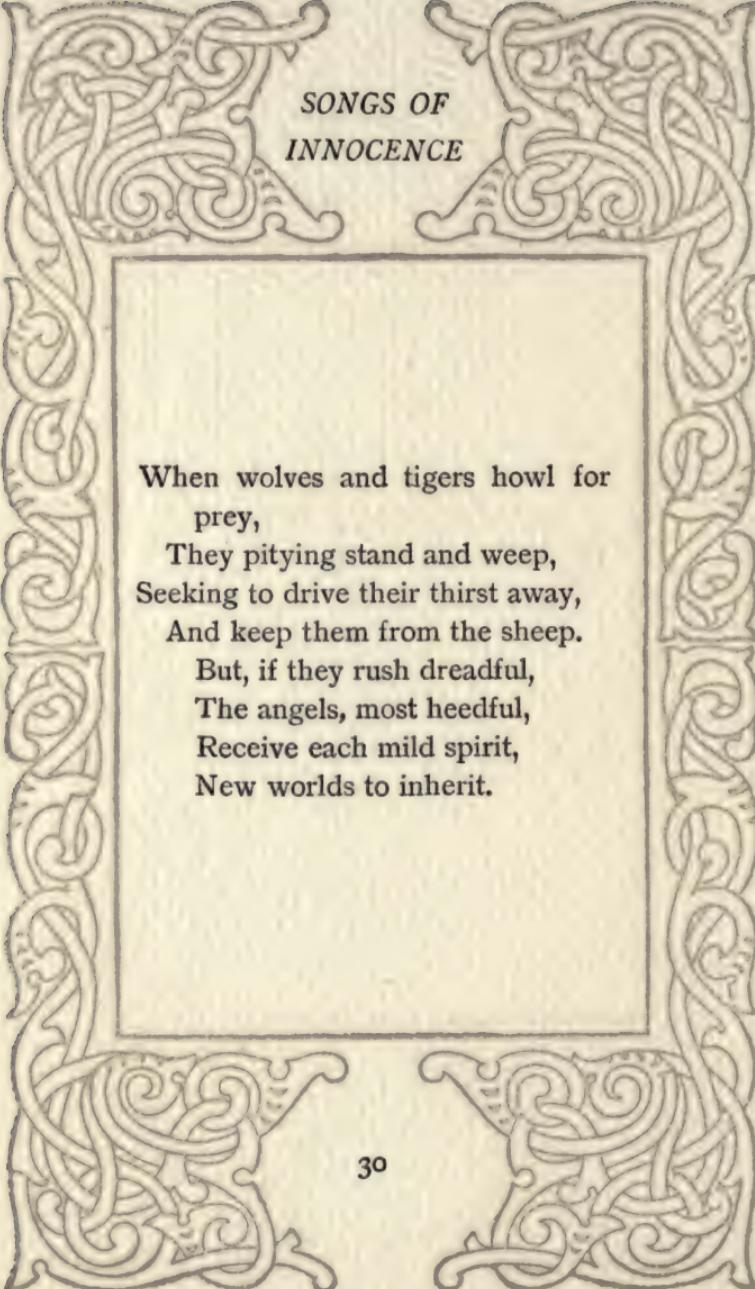
FAREWELL, GREEN FIELDS !



Honan i appelsin 1910

NIGHT

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are covered warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm :
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

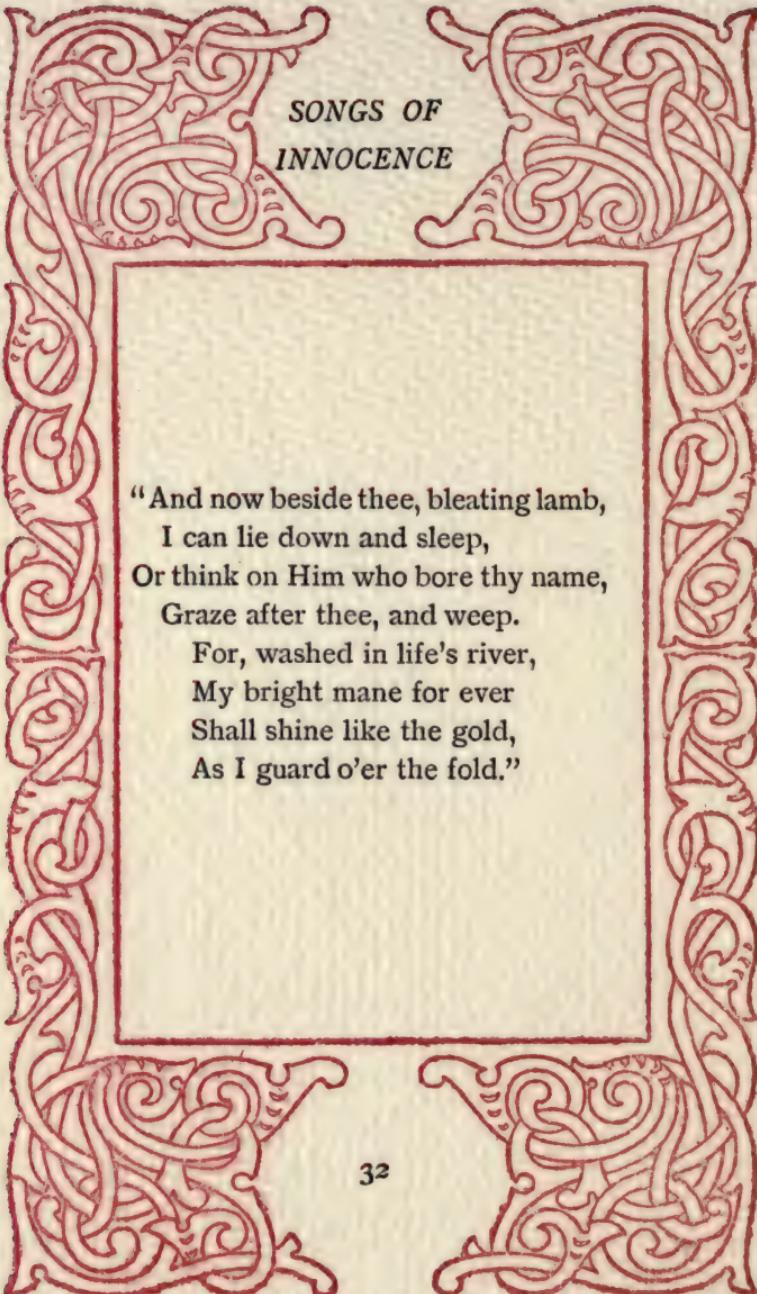


*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

When wolves and tigers howl for
prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

NIGHT

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold :
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold :
Saying : "Wrath by His meek-
ness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

“And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee, and weep.
For, washed in life’s river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold,
As I guard o’er the fold.”



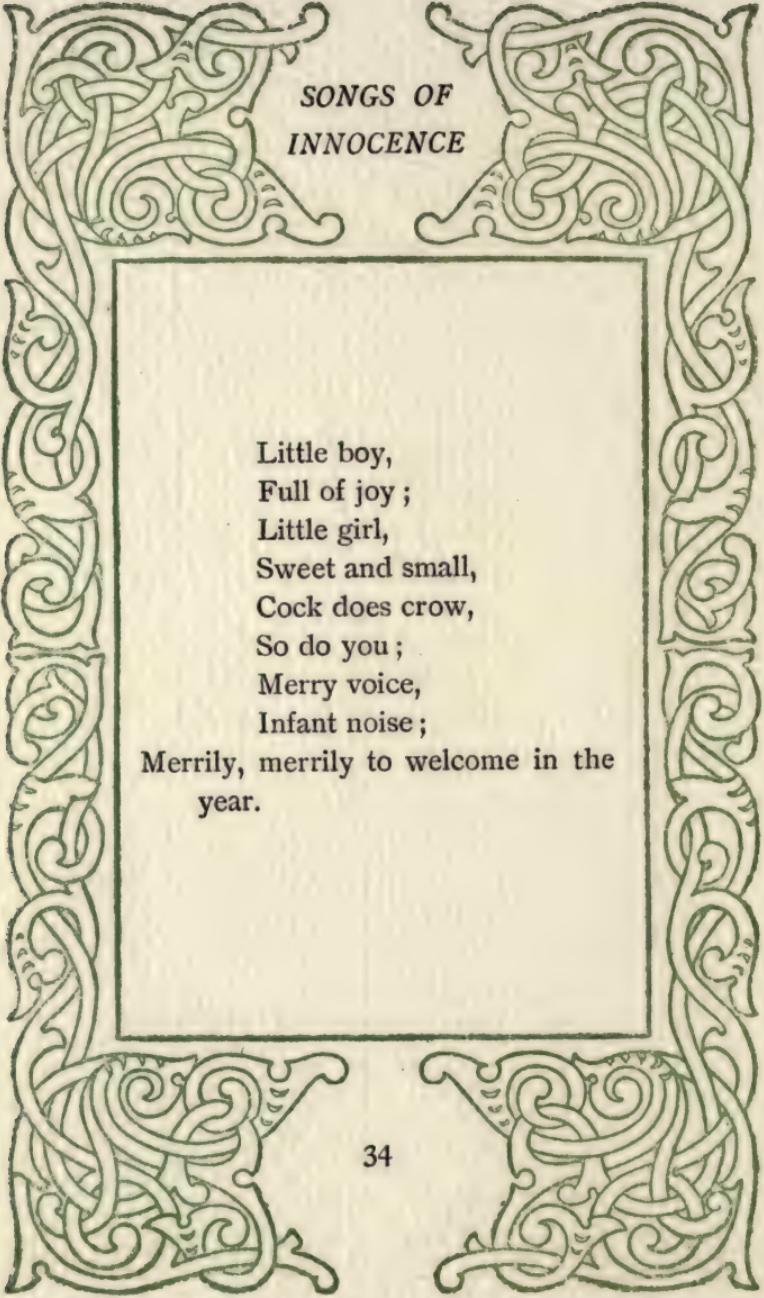
Marion L. Appleton - 1910

SPRING

SPRING

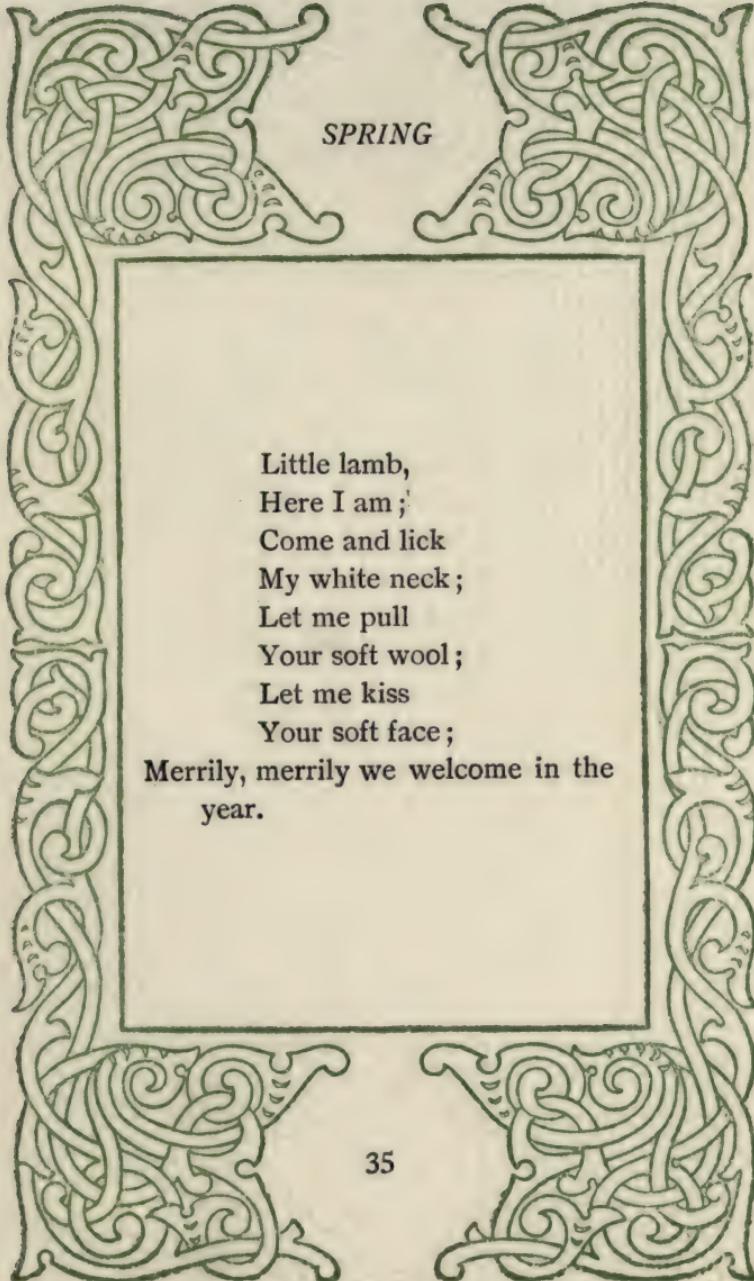
Spring

SOUND the flute !
Now 'tis mute ;
Birds delight,
Day and night,
Nightingale,
In the dale,
Lark in sky—
Merrily,
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the
year.



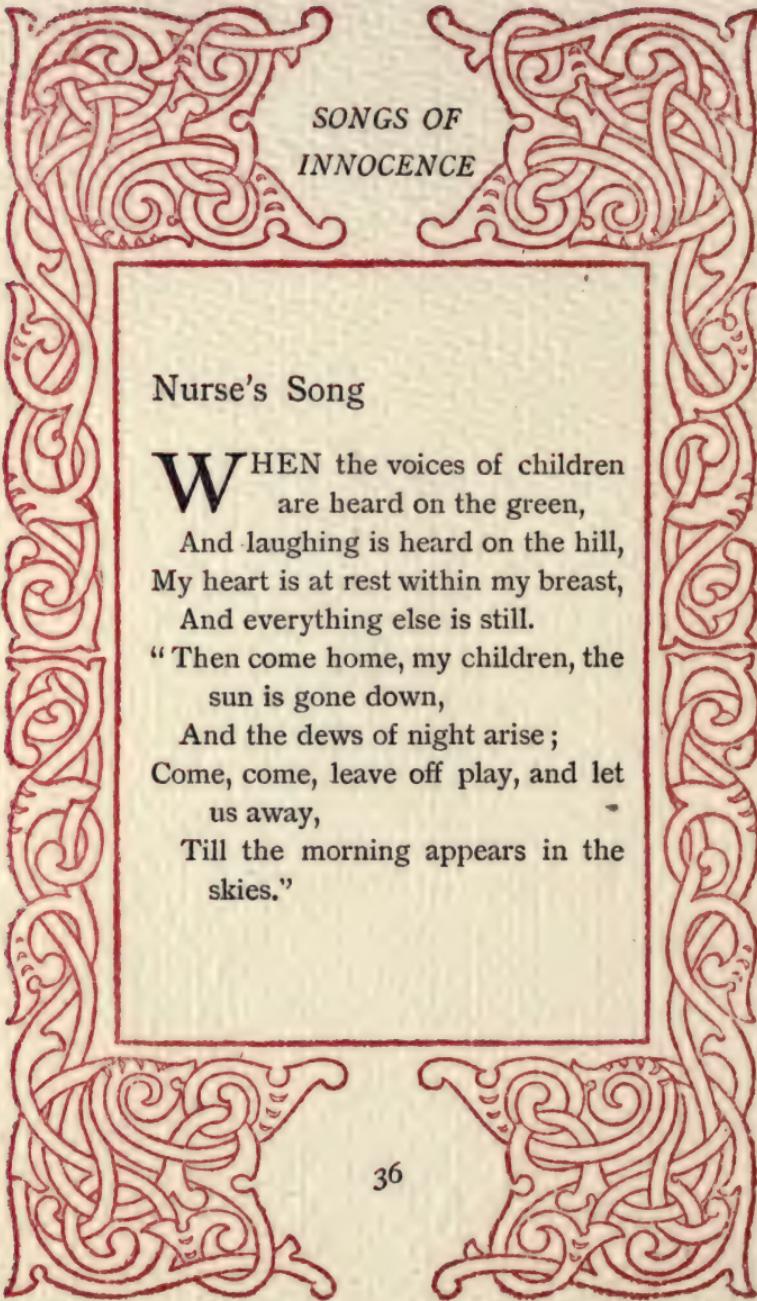
SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Little boy,
Full of joy ;
Little girl,
Sweet and small,
Cock does crow,
So do you ;
Merry voice,
Infant noise ;
Merrily, merrily to welcome in the
year.



SPRING

Little lamb,
Here I am ;
Come and lick
My white neck ;
Let me pull
Your soft wool ;
Let me kiss
Your soft face ;
Merrily, merrily we welcome in the
year.



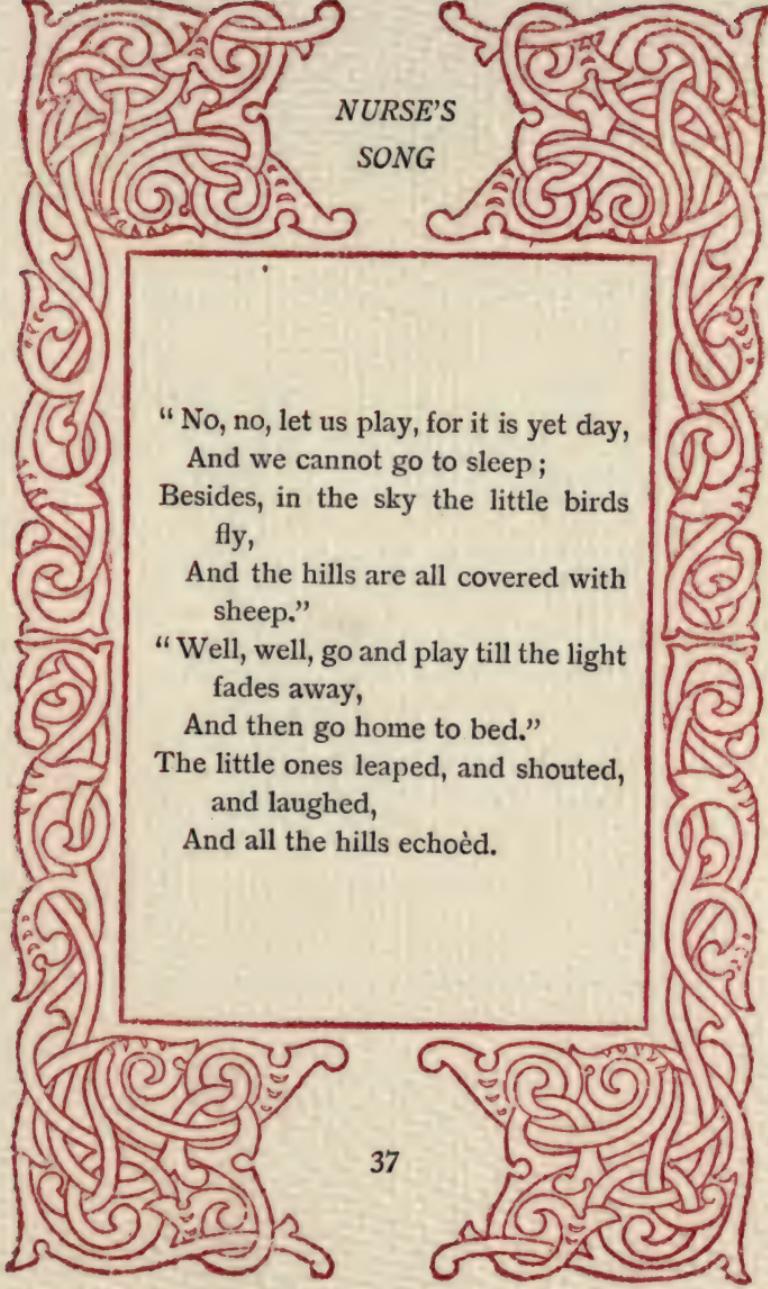
*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

Nurse's Song

WHEN the voices of children
are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest within my breast,
And everything else is still.
“Then come home, my children, the
sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let
us away,
Till the morning appears in the
skies.”

NURSE'S SONG





NURSE'S
SONG

"No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky the little birds
fly,
And the hills are all covered with
sheep."

"Well, well, go and play till the light
fades away,
And then go home to bed."
The little ones leaped, and shouted,
and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

Infant Joy

“ **I** HAVE no name ;
I am but two days old.”
What shall I call thee ?
“ I happy am,
Joy is my name.”
Sweet joy befall thee !

Pretty joy !
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee ;
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while ;
Sweet joy befall thee !

INFANT JOY



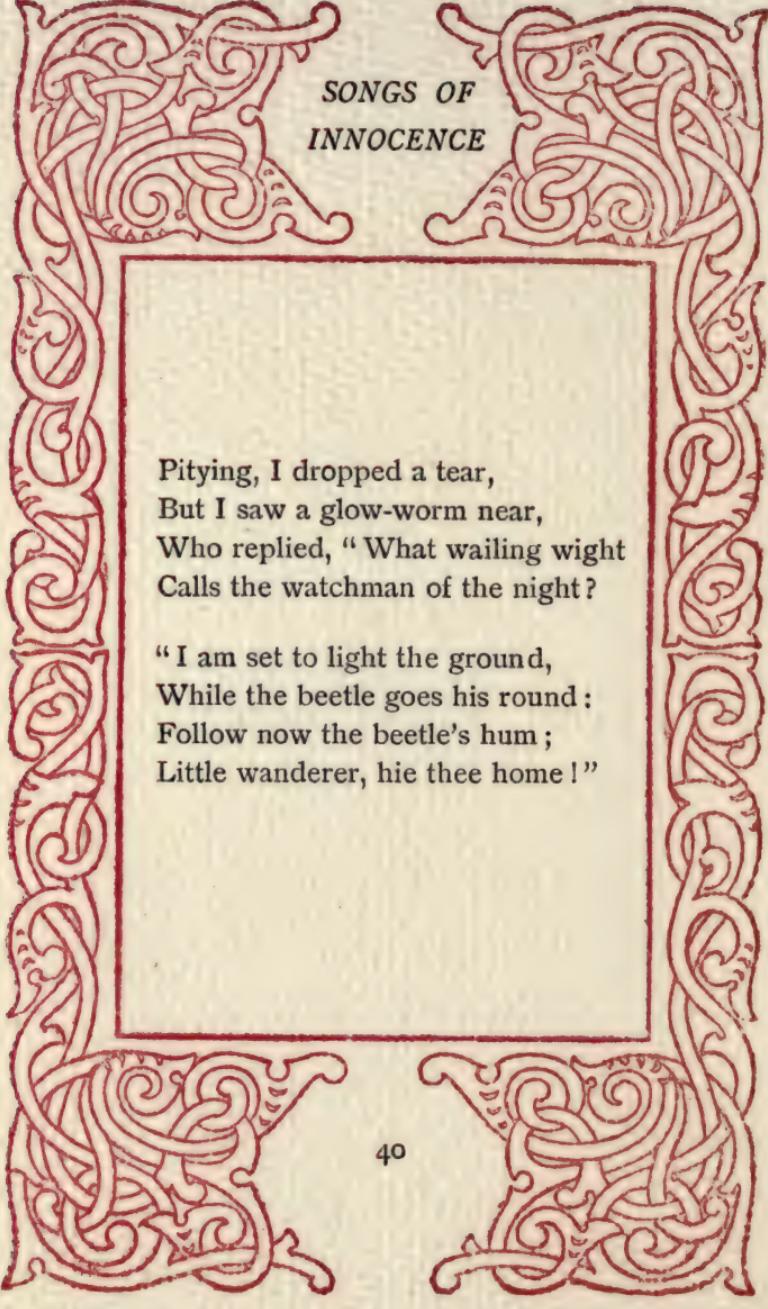
A
DREAM

A Dream

ONCE a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way
Where on grass methought I lay.

Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say

"Oh, my children ! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh ?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."



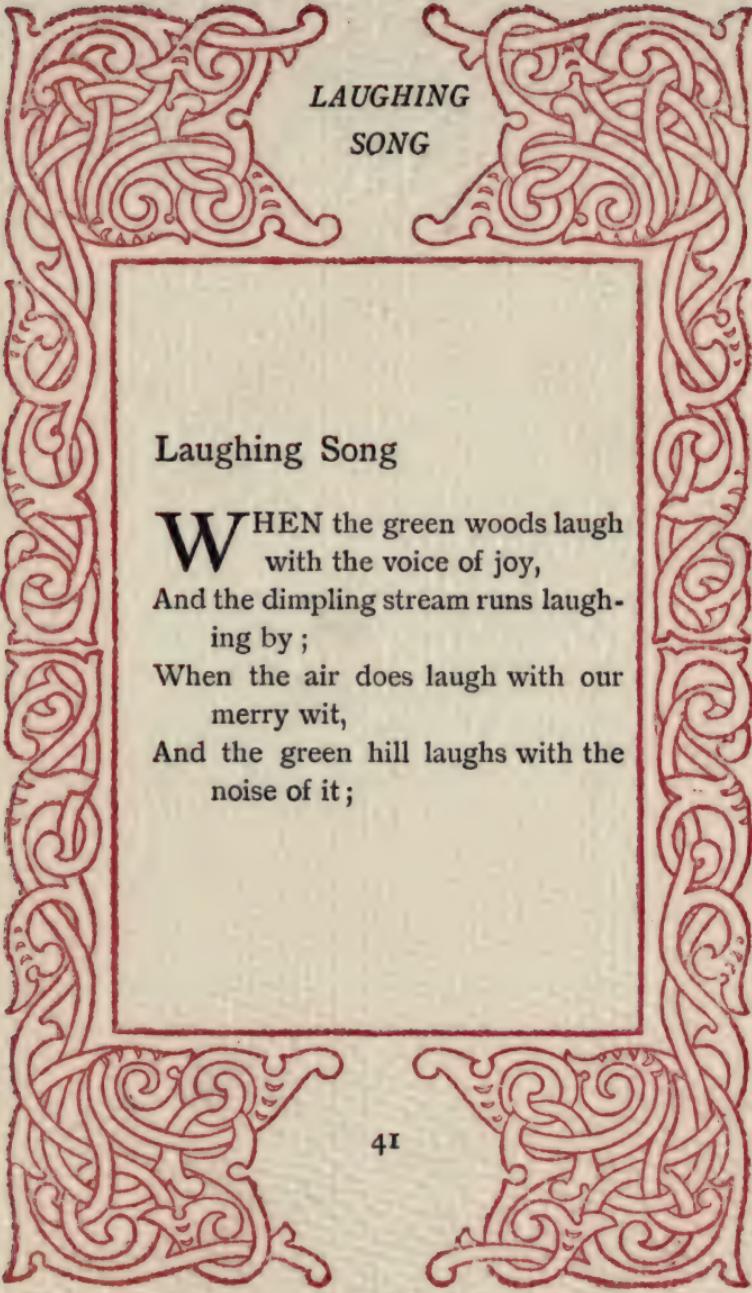
*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

Pitying, I dropped a tear,
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, " What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night ?

" I am set to light the ground,
While the beetle goes his round ;
Follow now the beetle's hum ;
Little wanderer, hie thee home ! "



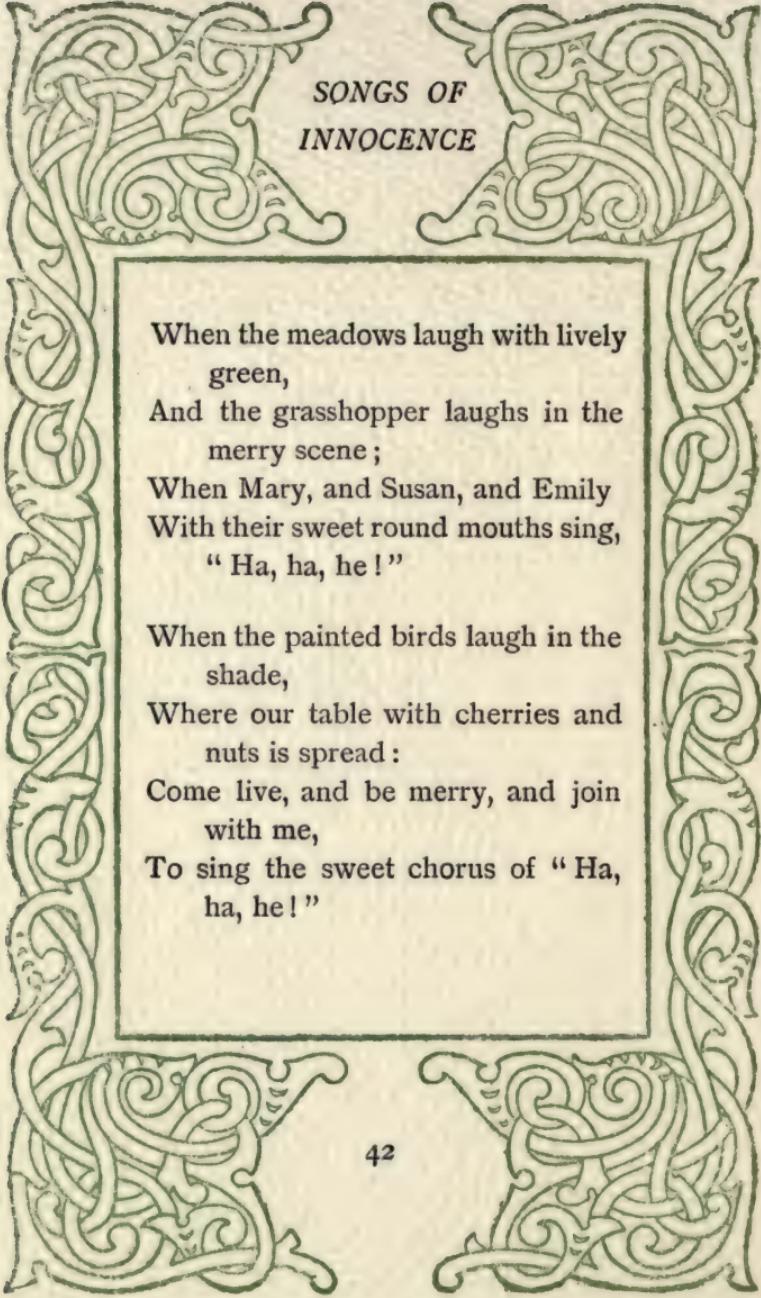
LAUGHING SONG



LAUGHING
SONG

Laughing Song

WHEN the green woods laugh
with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laugh-
ing by ;
When the air does laugh with our
merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the
noise of it ;



SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

When the meadows laugh with lively
green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the
merry scene ;
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily
With their sweet round mouths sing,
“ Ha, ha, he ! ”

When the painted birds laugh in the
shade,
Where our table with cherries and
nuts is spread :
Come live, and be merry, and join
with me,
To sing the sweet chorus of “ Ha,
ha, he ! ”



Honor E Appleton
1910

THE SCHOOL-BOY

THE
SCHOOL-BOY

The School-Boy

I LOVE to rise on a summer morn
When the birds sing on every
tree ;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me ;
O ! what sweet company !

But to go to school in a summer
morn,—
Oh it drives all joy away ;
Under a cruel eye outworn,
The little ones spend the day
In sighing and dismay.

*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour ;
Nor in my book can I take delight
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn through with the dreary
shower.

How can the bird, that is born for
joy,
Sit in a cage and sing ?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring ?

THE
SCHOOL-BOY

O father and mother, if buds are
nipp'd,
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay—

How shall the Summer arise in joy,
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs
destroy,
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of Winter appear?

SONGS OF
INNOCENCE

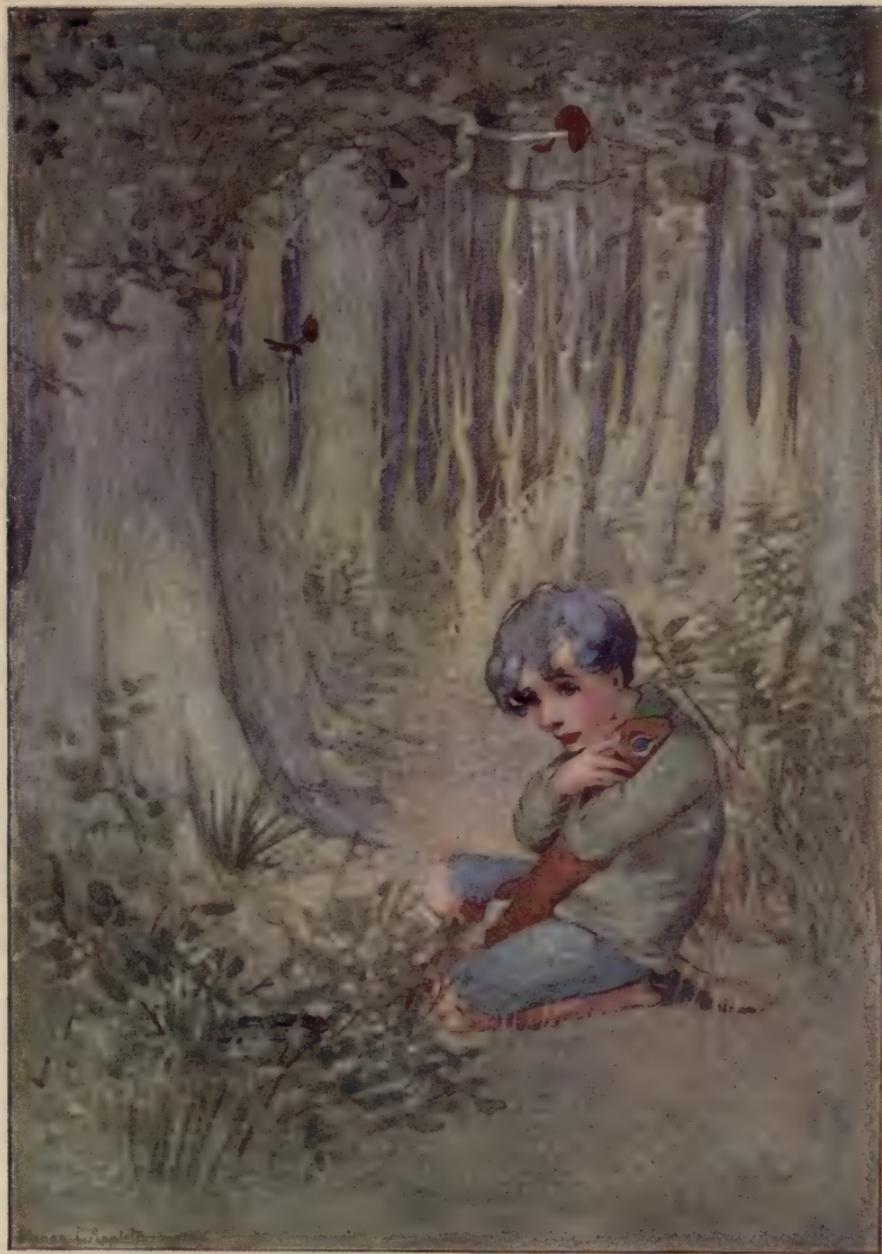
On Another's Sorrow

CAN I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no ! never can it be !
Never, never can it be !

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW

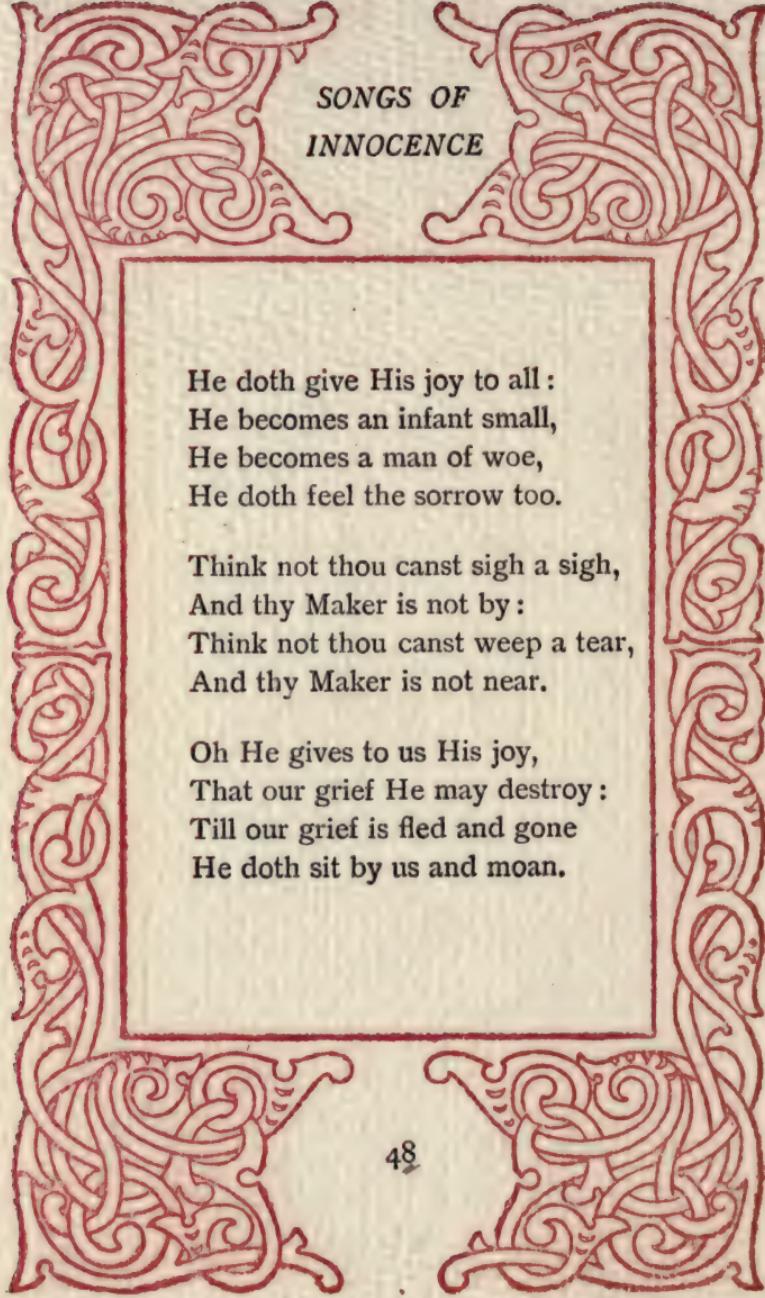


*ON ANOTHER'S
SORROW*

And can He who smiles on all
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care
Hear the woes that infants bear—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast,
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!



*SONGS OF
INNOCENCE*

He doth give His joy to all :
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not by :
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy :
Till our grief is fled and gone
He doth sit by us and moan.

THE VOICE
OF THE
ANCIENT
BARD

The Voice of the Ancient Bard

YOUTH of delight! come hither
And see the opening morn,
Image of Truth new-born.
Doubt is fled, and clouds of reason,
Dark disputes and artful teasing.
Folly is an endless maze;
Tangled roots perplex her ways;
How many have fallen there!
They stumble all night over bones of
the dead;
And feel—they know not what but
care;
And wish to lead others, when they
should be led.

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